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The Heart of Hearts

God's Sacred Heart—O sweetest words
That ever waked the slumbering chords
  Of music in a human heart;
More tender than the breeze that floats
And sighs amid the wind-harp's notes
  When evening's lonely steps depart.

The Heart that loved us first and best,
And showed its depth by such fierce test,
  Our cold, forgetful hearts to move;
One tear God's anger had appeased,
One sigh man's fearful doom released,
  Yet He would die, His love to prove.

Amidst men's sons most fair He stood
Alone, unselfish, noble, good,
  The friendless, and the sinner's friend.
The bruised reed he would not break,
The outcast leper not forsake
Nor little children from Him send.

The red beads scar His brow these days,
As when the Paschal moon's white rays
  Shone round Him in His agony.
For those He trusted faithless proved,
And wounds are made by hands that loved,
  And last and least of all is He.

We lavish love for trivial claim,
But yesterday, today, the same,
  For Him alone there's none to spare.
Neglected, slighted, and forgot,
His pleading love still answered not,
  Few grieve for Him, for Him few care.

Rev. M. Russell, S. J.

June

"Then, if ever, come perfect days."
Sir Launfal.

June is here with all its dower of sweetness and bloom—when Nature, at her fairest, is lavish of her gifts and flings a golden halo of radiance over a happy world.

June, the month of the Sacred Heart, with its crowning devotion in honor of the infinite tenderness and love of our Divine Savior draws the world to the contemplation of His pitying affection of poor lowly creatures.

It was mainly to keep before us the boundlessness and infinity of His compassion for mankind, that He has wished to symbolize His Sacred Passion and sum it all up in a way that mankind will readily understand, by showing us His pierced and bleeding Heart, the seat of deepest and tenderest love.

In proportion as our knowledge of this Divine Love increases, our love will also increase, and our energy in performing our duty, or in proffering new expressions of love and loyalty will increase also.

The saints and the angels who are in full knowledge of God's beauty, love Him and serve Him with all the intensity of their being. As the Imitation expresses it, "the kingdom of God is within us" and from us works outward upon our environment, our associations, our families, our country, the world.

It is the conquest of God over the human heart, it is His royal mastery over the stubborn will of sinful man—ensuring us at the same time a royal control over ourselves by which in the end we gain a royal kingdom.

It is the call of Christ to come to His Humanity united to His Divinity under the veils of Sacramental species—to kneel in homage at His earthly shrine—to live with and for Him in our little term of exile, as He lived with and for us during His sojourn of thirty-three years on the lowly earth. The sweetest month of all the year is chosen for the time of sweetest devotion —the devotion of love and sacrifice culminating in the Holy Eucharist, attracting the creature to the Creator in the highest and holiest union.

"Oh! love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land!
The priest comes down to the railing
Where brows are bowed in prayer;
In the tender clasp of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair,
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian
Meet there—and only there!"

The Safety Valve

A certain actress in a large town had a little girl eleven or twelve years old. The mother, although entirely neglectful of her own religious duties, still remembered that she was a Catholic, and was desirous that her little girl should make her first communion, and that, too, in the best way posible. For this purpose she took her to the house of the Rev. Father M., one of the best and most charitable priests in the town. He received her with a kindness which made a vivid impression upon her, and it was arranged that in a few days the instructions should begin in the presence of the mother.

Shortly after this first interview, Father M., in returning from a visit to a sick person, passed down the street in which his little pupil lived. He rang at the door, and it was opened by a servant. The priest gave his name, and she requested him to come in, saying that her mistress had given her orders to ask the priest in every time that he might call.

The girl had taken this command literally; so she led the priest into the very room where her mistress was sitting at table with a number of her friends, all actors and actresses feasting merrily. The priest felt decidedly entrapped, and the guests also. He wished to retire at once, giving the mistake of the servant as his excuse; but the mistress of the house pressed him so strongly to remain for a short time, requesting him to do so in the name of the assembled company, and with such evident sincerity that he felt compelled to remain, and to take a chair for a few moments. The little girl was at the table next her mother, and by the side of another actress, who appeared to be about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age.

Now Father M. was an exceedingly good and clever man, and was not of the number of those who are afraid of sinners. He understood that at this table, and in the midst of so strange a company, there was some good to be done, and that Providence would not have led him here without any purpose. He therefore answered with the utmost civility to the friendly advances of which he was the object, and soon succeeded in gaining the sympathy of the guests. Finding it rather difficult to enter into conversation, he addressed himself to the little girl, and asked her if she were making a good preparation for her first communion. "Yes, Father, I am trying my best," answered the child, pointing to the young actress who was sitting next to her, "but here is a lady who has something to tell you, only she is afraid." The actress blushed, and acknowledged, with a shade

of embarrassment, that she was desirous of giving the little girl her white dress for her first communion. "That is a very good and kind thought," answered the priest; "but you might," he added gently "do something better still, if you would but follow this little child in the fulfillment of religious duties." The actress blushed still more deeply. "Unfortunately, that is not possible," she said. "My profession is my only means of living, and it is one which interdicts the practice of religion; besides which, I have never made my first communion; and now I am too old." "We are never too old to return to God; and at your age it is never impossible to relinquish one's profession, and to make choice of some other more in accordance with the Christian life."

"His reverence is right," said an actor, laughing. "You really had better go to confession." The actress made no answer, and the conversation soon became general. They questioned the priest on the subject of confession, and on the position of actors and actresses with regard to the Church. The talk was not free from the usual lively sallies and ready repartee, but no bitter or unpleasant words were spoken.

The dinner ended, all rose from the table. The windows of the room commanded an extensive view of a beautiful lake. A steamboat was just passing.

"See, gentlemen," said the priest, "here is a very clear and simple illustration of the advantage of confession. You see this steamboat. A powerful force puts its machinery into motion, and causes it to advance rapidly; but this force would be, in itself, a danger, an unfailing principle of explosion and destruction, were it not for a certain contrivance which is termed the safety-valve. By means of this valve the surplus vapor is thrown off, and both boat and passengers are in safety. So it is with us all. We all possess certain powerful forces, which are our passions; for these forces, for these passions, we need a valve, an opening, without which we are lost. This valve is confession; it is that pure and holy confidence which God has given us for the consolation of our hearts and the purifying of our conscience. And further, we may remark, how in Protestant and in infidel countries, where confession is unknown, there is far more mental alienation, many more suicides, many more moral accidents, than in those countries where confession is the practice of the people." And the priest developed this theory both forcibly and scientifically, supporting his words by numerous examples.

When at last he rose to go, he left the whole company most pleasantly impressed by the kindness of his manner, and also by the culture of his mind. The young actress accompanied him to the door.

"Follow the reverend father to the church," said one of the actors, "and make your confession at once; you would be all the better for it."

"I do not deny it," answered the young woman seriously; "and I do not know what should prevent me." And going out with the priest she followed him to the entrance door. When she was alone with him she began weeping bitterly. "You have saved me," she exclaimed in a voice tremulous with tears. It was Providence which sent you to this house. I was quite hopeless. Only this evening I had madly resolved to plunge into the lake, and thus to put an end to all the miseries and troubles of my life. Only a few days ago I was hissed on the stage, and I have no wish to act again. This morning I learned that the man to whom I was to have married has engaged himself to another. I had no resources, no friends on earth, and I longed to die. But now I repent, I will confess my sins—I will confess at once." The priest gently calmed the poor girl and encouraged her in her good purpose. He added some few words of Christian counsel to those which he had spoken in the hearing of every one, and the young woman appointed a certain hour the next day in which she would come to confession.

Through an energetic determination, she became a good fervent Christian. She has left the theatre, and has undertaken the care of her friend's little girl, and now they are both comfortably settled in a large town, where they are able to gain a livelihood in a modest and honorable way.

To all dear readers who do not practice their Christian duties, I would say with our divine Lord in His Gospel: "Go and do likewise."

Light of the Cross.

A Springtime Offering

The springtime has come,
But with skies dark and gray,
And the wind waileth wildly
Through all the drear day.
Few glimpses of sunshine,
No thought of the flowers,
No bird's song enlivens
These chill, gloomy hours.

The dew lieth coldly
Where lately is fell,
The crocus and daisy
Now wake in the dell;
The mist yet at evening
Falls softly and chill,
And scatters its pearl-drops
O'er meadow and hill.

I am thinking of one
Who oft sought for the flowers
In the sunlight and shadow
Of springtime's bright hours.
But when winter's bleak winds
Sang its dirge to the year,
With pale lips, yet smiling,
She lay on her bier.

The flowers then that bloomed
Will awaken again,
But her that we loved
We shall look for in vain;
Yet, though we have laid her
Beneath the dark sod,
She blooms this sweet May
In the garden of God.

D.

An Easter Welcome

Uprising soft, its lowly penance done,
My soul, O Lord, craves visioning of Thee,
As violets lift their scented buds in glee
Beneath the warm persuasion of the sun,
I, too, would rise! In spirit swiftly run
To meet my Lord!—The shadows backward flee;—
Our Christ is diademed with Life to Be;
Earth glows, exultant, through His victory won.

O golden-hearted daffodils of Spring,
Wave a glad welcome to the Lord of All!
Pure maidens, bring Him lilied offering
Of loving penitence! Though evil call,
Fling out refusal through the twilight dim!
Christ hath arisen and ye live in Him.

Caroline D. Swan.

Written—Easter, 1914.

O Day of June

O day of June that opens fair,
And fairer, sweeter closes,
With petals drifting through the air,
A summer shower of roses.

And gathering all the velvet heap,
We find a perfumed token
Within the golden-hearted rose—
A love-pyx, pure, unbroken.

"Lyria."

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR MAY

Sunday, 3. Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at Solemn Ponitfical Mass in St. Thomas Church, New York city, Silver Jubilee celebration of the parish.

7. Solemn investure of Fr. Hamel at Westbrook, as Domestic Prelate of the Holy See. Rt. Rev. Bishop presided and spoke. Good account in newspaper.

12. Rev. J. Drolet transferred to Notre Dame, Waterville. Rev. P. J. Boivin to Yarmouth Missions of So. Paris, etc., temporarily to be under supervision of Rev. J. Quinn.
Conference of clergy in Kavanaugh School Hall, 2 P. M., for all priests south of Waterville.
State Convention of Knights of Columbus at Ellsworth.

13. Rt. Rev. Bishop went to Bangor to preside at Conference of clergy of central Maine in St. Mary's School-Hall. Conference with John B. Madigan on question of Hospital at Houlton.

14. Rt. Rev. Bishop gave an address to the Faculty and students of the University of Maine at Orono. About 1000 present. Subject: "Decline of Worship and means to restore it."
Visit to Mgr. Trudel at Oldtown.

15. Visit to Waterville.
Return to Portland.

Sunday, 17. Confirmation at St. Peter's Church in Lewiston.

19. Rt. Rev. Bishop visited Bishop Harkins at Providence.

21. Ascension Thursday. Confirmation at St. Dominic's, Portland.

Sunday, 24. Confirmation at Skowhegan in the morning and at Madison in the afternoon. Inspection of property in each case.
Visit to monument of Fr. Sebastian Rasle at Old Point, Norridgewock.

25. Train to Jackman.

26. Confirmation. Blessing of the New Schoolhouse. Canonical visitation of the Convent.
By train to Greenville and boat to Kineo.

27. Visit to Chapel at Rockwood, and a few other points on Moosehead Lake.

28. Rev. Alfred J. René ordained priest at Baltimore for the Diocese of Portland.
Return to Portland.

31. Pentecost Sunday. Confirmation at the Cathedral.

A HEART LYRIC.

Only when soaring sings the lark,
Struggling to fields of purer air;
Silent her music when she sinks
Back to a world less glad and fair.

Only when soaring sings my heart,
Flutt'ring on tremulous wing to God;
Fainter the music as I fall,
Hush'd when I reach the lower sod.

Lark of my heart! this morn astir,
Upward to God on eager wing,
Rise with a burst of grateful song,
Carol the best that love can sing.

R. S. W.

St. Gabriel's Parish, Winterport

"Quod vidimus et audivimus, annuntiamus vobis."

Many years before the tourists who sail her waters declared the majestic Penobscot River to be the "Rhine of America," the Discoverer, the Explorer and the Home-seeker along her picturesque shores and fertile valleys, all paid tribute to her charms and found upon her bosom a reminder of home.

As early as the year 1556 André Thevet, who is described as a French scholar and priest, writing of his voyage along our coast, called the Penobscot "one of the finest rivers in the whole world" and named it the "Norombeque" or "La Grande Riviere."

In the first part of the next century when Samuel de Champlain, vainly seeking the fabled City of Noromboga, the El Dorado of his dreams, ascended the Penobscot in September, 1604, as far as the mouth of the Kenduskeag, and vainly wished that the deep bays which he found were in la Belle France to harbor securely the storm tossed ships of his native city.

The following year the Englishman, Weymouth, saw the river with its "gallant coves" and Rosier, his historian "affirms it to be the most rich, beautiful, large and secure harboring river that the world affordeth—more convenient even than the Thames."

When Father Peter Biard visited the Penobscot in November, 1611, he found it the same "beautiful river, something like our own Garonne in France." And the Irishman who came to build a shelter on her shore in 1840 fancied he saw in the New World a reproduction of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney where "angels fold their wings and rest," and the thought helped to make the exile feel at home.

"Those lovely isles that stud her bay
Like emeralds on a silver zone,
Are matched by few—search far and aye—
For beauty, and surpassed by none.
Italia's skies and Hellas' bowers
Are bright, but not more bright than ours."

On the westerly shore of this noble river, on one of its most commanding and picturesque sites, in the year of 1766, two hardy pioneer settlers built their log cabins, and thus became the first permanent residents of Winterport. In 1773 all of the western shore from Belfast to Bangor was included in the Gen. Waldo patent which was incorporated by the General Court into the town of Frankfort the same year that Washington was chosen to be the first President of the Republic in 1789. Of

this original policical unit the river village remained a portion until 1860 when it was set apart under the name of Winterport.

Winterport is at the head of winter navigation on the Penobscot, twenty-five miles from its mouth. Like Rome it is built upon seven hills. To the north thirteen miles away is Bangor

St. Gabriel's Church, Winterport. Built in 1853, by Father Bapst.

that by some mistake of man or nature became the city that Winterport should have been.

To the south lies the broad bosom of the inner bay terminating at the frowning battlements of Ft. Knox. And yonder, like a cluster of Emeralds in a lady's jewel, loom the rock-ribbed and green wooded hills where Mount Waldo humps up to meet the low hanging clouds. Built of gray granite, layer upon layer, this mountain rises to its summit, dome-shaped, like a giant's

skull. It is interesting in a sketch of St. Gabriel's parish to dwell for a moment upon some of the historic scenes that have unrolled themselves, like a modern moving picture film, under this mountain's stony stare. The giant sentinel of the hills saw perchance the rude caravels of Brendan explore the outer bay. He saw, in a later century, the shallops of the Sturdy Northmen flit along Penobscot's coasts. He saw in 1498 the white sails of Cabot enter the river seeking a passage to "far off Cathay." He espied in 1524 the vessels of Verazanno, the Italian, on the horizon far out to sea; and in 1556 he saw the French ship with André Trevet on board cast anchor in Penobscot waters near his very feet. In 1615, the Old Mountain Giant looked off to the eastward—to his neighbor Mt. Desert—"To the gray and thunder-smitten pile which marks afar the Desert Isle"—and he saw the smoke arise like insence from the sacrifice when Brother Gilbert Du Thet gave up his life for the noblest cause before the murderous guns of a freebooter; and in 1619 he saw the ships of Baron de Castine with the Capuchin Fathers on board land their precious freight in the sheltered cove near Pentagoet at Dice's Head. Twenty-six years later, in the year 1647, he saw the sainted Jesuit Father, Gabriel Druillettes, bearing the name of our parish, paddle in his frail canoe across the blue bosom of these waters with a few Indian guides to visit and to confer with Father Ignatius and his Capuchins at Castine, "ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

Again the Mountain Sentinel looked forth in the nineteenth century, boasted for its enlightenment and justice. Again he looked to the eastward, beyond the Penobscot, beyond Castine to the town of Ellsworth, and he saw the Jesuit Missionary pastor of St. Gabriel's, Father Bapst, dragged forth by a mob of lawless fanatics to the water's edge, and the black smoke of tar—of another sacrifice—arise; and he veiled his hand in the gathering mists of night, for very shame at the horrid crime of men with hearts of flint and heads of stone far harder than his own.

The first sign of Catholicity found upon the land near Winterport was a weather beaten and moss grown wooden cross, discovered under the trees by Champlain's men. Who put it there is a theme for speculation, but it spoke to those hardy explorers of the faith and of an earlier visitor than themselves to the new land. Whittier thus describes the incident:

"Years after when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream
And Norumbega proved again
A shadow and a dream,
He found the Norman's nameless grave
Within the hemlock shade
And, stretching forth its arms to save,
The sign that God had made."

Again after the first log cabins were erected, in 1792, the body of a drowned Indian was washed ashore at Winterport. "Some Indians of his tribe" says an old record, "came down the river and buried the remains; made a cross and placed it at his head, crossed themselves and went home."

Although a few immigrants of the Catholic faith settled in Winterport during the thirties it was not until 1840 that the tide of Irish immigration turned to this portion of the Penobscot valley, and to St. Gabriel's parish. The Maine and New Hampshire Granite Co., and the firm of Pierce and Rowe had opened granite quarries on Musketon and Waldo Mountains, and the demand for many hands to quarry and shape the stone was imperative. The mountains were in labor and new government buildings were born every year. The supply of stone was well nigh inexhaustible, and hammers rang and derricks groaned, as in the days when Egyptian serfs built the pyramids and carved the Sphynx. The hardy Irishman, fleeing from the blight of famine at home, inured to hard labor, found in this rude toil a welcome means of honest livelihood. Moreover, the days of wooden ships were yet with us, and the water front at Winterport was one vast ship yard. Here were hewn and fashioned the native oak, the pine and the spruce; and ships were built stout enough to battle the stormiest seas. Once launched upon the Penobscot, the witchery of their beckoning sails led many an ambitious youth to the cabin or before the mast to sail the seas of the world and to return only after many voyages with the proud title of Captain to mark a successful career. In those early days of Catholic settlement, the Catholic priest's rightful title of Father fell harshly upon the ear and came awkwardly to the lips of our non-Catholic fellow citizens. After struggling hopelessly with the more familiar prefixes of Mister, brother, deacon and Elder, safer ground and courtesy were thought to be found in the common title of "Captain."

During the first years of the influx of a Catholic population at Winterport the new comers were occasionally visited by Fathers T. O'Sullivan and Moore of Bangor. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated at intervals in the homes of Thomas Morrissey, Thomas McDonough and in David McDermott's new barn, until better quarters could be obtained.

In the year 1839 James Reilly, a native of the County Meath, came to Winterport, and in January 1850 Mary Haley, an Irish Colleen, arrived from the County Sligo. These two were soon married and established a home in the Reilly house just north of the Abbott watering trough; and for the next ten years they entertained the priests who came to minister to the people. The Holy Sacrifice was offered henceforth in this house by the Jesuit priests, Fathers Necker, Force, Chiampi and Bapst.

Father John Bapst, the gentle Swiss missionary, was a most welcome guest. The day the priest visited them, whether it were a week day or Sunday, was always a holy day for them; and after the sacred rites were ended, the feast was spread and the household and friends sat down to partake of the rude plenty and to listen to the words of modest wisdom which fell from the lips of their reverend guest.

Father Bapst came to his host with the Apostolic Message upon his lips of:—"Peace to this house and to all who dwell therein," and it may be worthy of note here that to the two families who then dwelt in that house were born, in after years, children destined to "teach others unto justice." To the one was given a boy who became the first priest native to the soil of St. Gabriel's parish, and to the other was born a girl who responded to the call to enter religion as a holy nun.

It was in the bosom of this family that Father Bapst sought refuge soon after his trying experience with the mob at Ellsworth, where he had suffered violence against his person for the Faith. Reason and justice having been dethroned the priest was ruthlessly dragged from his lodgings, placed astride a rail and carried to the river's edge where his tender body was denuded and besmeared with hot tar, mingled with feathers.

He told his host but little concerning the details of his heroic trials on that awful night, and he was disposed to minimize rather than to exaggerate his sufferings. He sought to soothe the feelings of his people overwrought with just indignation, rather than to excite them to vengeance by a recital of his wrongs. A soldier in the fearless Company of Ignatius, Francis Xavier, Lalement, Breboeuf and Jogues, the gentle Swiss priest gave a noble lesson to all when he met to

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Father Bapst was not reticent, however, where gratitude was concerned, and he often expressed his appreciation of the noble stand taken by some non-Catholic men of Bangor, who called together the best citizens of that city in an indignation meeting to condemn the insults and violence of the mob, and to present the priest with a valuable gold watch as a token of the respect and esteem of respectable and fair-minded men.

The wave of knownothing bigotry which swept the land like a prairie fire in the fifties brought into honorable prominence many a non-Catholic gentlemen as champion of the principles of toleration and fair play in every walk of life; and in the public schools the sons of these American gentlemen were the defenders of the Irish lads against the assaults and petty tyrannies of the town bully and tough. While the spirit of persecution united the newer immigrants in closer ties of sympathy and

kinship, their warm hearts went out in gratitude to the defenders of their rights and homes. And this grateful feeling still exists having outlived the generation from which it sprung. The memory of the kindly deeds of those good men lives after them. The good they did was not interred with their bones.

The time was now ripe for the building of a church at Winterport. Fathers Bapst and Chiampi applied themselves at once to the work. A fine lot was secured from the Sproul Estate in the Lower Village; building operations were begun in the fall of 1853 and in the following year the Church was occupied and the first mass was offered in the little Sanctuary overlooking the Penobscot. Father Bapst presented the Church with a

St. Vincent de Paul's Church Bucksport. Dedicated May 25, 1891.

valuable copy of Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, which he hung above the high altar, where it still remains after the lapse of sixty years.

The Candelabra of antique design, also still in use, were given by Miss Ann Reilly; and James Breslin always claimed to have carried the Stations of the Cross on his back from Bangor—not an impossible task in the days that tried men's souls, and their physical endurance as well.

It was at this period that the diocese of Portland was established. Father Bapst was superintending the building of St. John's Church in Bangor which became his monument in these parts, and while thus engaged, several different priests visited

the Mission of St. Gabriels at Winterport. Rev. Vinton Linto came in November, 1854; Rev. John Murphy in '55; Rev. Eugene Vetromile in '56; Rev. Michael Gallagher in '60 and Father Cullen in '61.

Early in the year 1862 a new parish was formed by Bishop Bacon with a resident pastor at Ellsworth. Winterport was detached from the Bangor parish whose fortunes it had shared from the beginning, and was placed in the Ellsworth group of outlying missions. This arrangement satisfied nobody; neither the priest who had come thirty miles by stage coach and ferry, nor the people who had to wait during long intervals for his coming. The population of St. Gabriels numbered at this time about sixty families at Winterport and some thirty more at the Mountains, four miles distant. Rev. John Madden was placed in charge at Ellsworth and did what he could to care for his widely scattered flock. Rev. James Durnin succeeded him in 1866 and remained three years. Father Durnin gained the affections of the people and they mourned his untimely death which occurred soon after at Calais. Then followed a few visits from Fathers Imasso, O'Keefe and Herbert, the latter of whom remained upon the mission circuit for a term of two years. Finally, in 1873 Rev. John Coffey was appointed to the Ellsworth missions and to Winterport, and this zealous pastor began at once to form the children into catechism classes and to prepare for the sacraments with a view to an early episcopal visitation to St. Gabriels. But the Bishop's visit was delayed by the death of Bishop Bacon in 1874, so it was not until the summer of '76 that the long desired event of the dedication of the church and the confirmation of the awaiting classes took place. Never before had a Bishop visited Winterport. Only the older people, therefore, had enjoyed the happy privilege of ever seeing one, and that was "on the old sod, God be with the time," as they affectionately expressed it. So one of those privileged few, a man from the County of Waterford, where they observe the formalities of episcopal receptions with becoming ceremony and perfect decorum, assumed the office of lay master of ceremonies; and when Bishop Healy and his entourage, consisting of Fathers Coffey, McSweeney, O'Brien, Murphy and Blodgett, appeared, the assembled men and boys paid the full honors of an awkward squad, not only to the chief pastor of the diocese, but to the skill of their drill master as well. The man from Waterford, who had read Emmett's speech from the Dock, and some of O'Connell's orations, now found the spirits of his illustrious heroes touching his own lips with the burning coal of unlettered eloquence and as he unrolled the manuscript of his address of welcome the "words of learned length and thundering sound" so moved the priests that one after another they sought the privacy of the vestry, better to give vent to their

overcharged feelings, and one delicate woman was carried out in a faint. All the while the handsome young bishop stood alone, grave, self-composed, the ideal churchman and prelate. The Bishop replied in simple words full of the unction of fatherly concern and pastorly love; and the young boys confirmed that day, July 11, 1876, left the church with one high resolve and that was to be one day like him—a Bishop. The following year Winterport was made the seat of a parish, with missions at Bucksport, Frankfort, Searsport and Belfast. All of Waldo County, with a portion of Hancock, thrown in for good measure, was included in St. Gabriel's parish with Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy as the first resident pastor. Father McCarthy was ordained August 15, 1876, by Right Reverend James A Healy, and he enjoyed the distinction of being the first priest to receive sacred orders from the new Bishop's hands. The Bishop affectionately called him his eldest son. The new pastor came to his wide field of labor fully equipped for the work of a missionary. Young, alert and buoyant; filled with the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice, coupled with a broad and indiscriminating charity, Father McCarthy quickly won the hearts of old and young, poor and rich, Catholic and non-catholic alike. There were no railroads in those days within the limits of St. Gabriel's parish, and the horn of the motor car was as yet unheard in the land, so Father McCarthy was obliged to depend wholly upon the faithful horse to enable him to meet the demands upon his services. The horse he drove had a style all his own as unique as the personality of the man himself, and both became, unconsciously enough, an attractive and inspiring figure upon the roads throughout Waldo County. The sick, the poor and the faint hearted put on renewed health, some wealth and greater courage from the priest's visits and they blessed both horse and man who seemed to be almost as inseparable as the horse and man of the fabled Centaur.

Father McCarthy supplemented his own spiritual work in the parish by a mission given by Fathers Freitag and Oates of the Redemptorists order of priests, so that there was a general strengthening of the faith and elevation of the moral tone all along the line. It was during Father McCarthy's pastorate that the public schools of Frankfort fell under the temporary control of a committee and principal whom a noted writer would call third class men but first class humbugs. Then followed a recurrence of the affliction of sectarian bible reading, which broke out again in the schools. The coterie of school authorities suffered a spasm of self righteousness, like an epileptic fit, and foamed at the mouth a little but the convulsion soon passed, leaving its victim only a little more feeble minded than before, but quite unconscious of its contortions under the spell. The principal of the village school, supported by the committee, tried

to compel every Catholic pupil to read some portion of the scriptures, approved by the American Bible Society. The parents of those children, having had some experience with the soupers of Ireland in famine times, and having in their veins the red blood of martyrs, covering more than a thousand years, objected to this compulsory bible reading, especially when it took on a denominational hue, and they offered as a compromise to furnish their children with copies of the approved Catholic versions of the sacred scriptures. This fair proposition was not accepted by the school authorities, and when the older Catholic boys refused a second time to conform to the religious practices of the school, respectfully alleging the ground of conscientious scruples which generally command respect, their names were stricken from the school register, and they were shown the door. The injustice of this action by the school authorities was keenly felt, all the more so in view of the fact that the boys were obliged to work in the quarries in summer and their only chance for an education consisted in the twelve weeks of the winter term, now denied them.

Father McCarthy protested with the committee against the injustice inflicted and praised the courage of the boys, telling them that God would reward them for their sacrifice for conscience sake. His words were prophetic. The leader of the boys, James S. Haley, became a prosperous business man, and Mayor of a capital city in New England. A second boy of that school became an educator and superintendent of public schools in the metropolis and a third became a priest. Others are worthy and loyal citizens of our state and nation. An influential Irishman was asked why he and Mr. Smith of the school committee did not get together like men and settle the vexed school problem. His reply was: "We will leave that for our children to solve; Smith has none, I have ten." And thus today a more harmonious and liberal condition prevails.

Religious prejudices of the above nature were disarmed to a great extent by Father McCarthy's genial manners and human sympathies, together with his endless works of charity during his stay at Winterport. When those who had been schooled in the dark tradition which made of the Catholic clergyman some old wizard, or bogie man to frighten naughty children with, found, instead of the "old priest" of their fevered dreams, a young, smiling, joyous, wholesouled, genial man who could talk religion, politics and "hoss" with equal facility; who was interested in their crops, their cows and their children, then the result was inevitable.

The ice melted from their hearts, the scales fell from their eyes. There was, after all the old dame's tales no budding horns, no cloven foot, no "furriner" from the cannibal islands to devour them, and they answered his hearty greeting as

heartily:—"Hey, Capt'n! Haow be yer?" A chronicler and loyal friend at Houlton would have this worthy priest's merits rewarded by high titles of dignity and seats of honor in Sacred Courts. This is far from being the ambition of the true priest of the type of Father McCarthy. With commendable taste he values the love and loyalty of the common people and the innocent trust of little children far above all decorations, however honorable they may be. He asks for no more than this. He is content with nothing less. With him

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Rev. John Duddy succeeded to St. Garbriel's in the fall of 1879, remaining three years. He purchased the present paro-

Church of the Holy Rosary, Frankfort. Dedicated Nov. 6, 1910.

chial residence. Bishop Healy made a second visit to the parish on June 25, 1882, and confirmed a large class. He was assisted on this occasion by Fathers Duddy, McSweeney and O'Brien. In the fall of 1882, Rev. Richard Phelan came to Winterport. From the first days of St. Gabriel's in 1840 until Father Phelan's pastorate the group of Catholics at Frankfort had been accustomed to worship at the parish church at Winterport. Now, however, by the enterprise of the new pastor, a small

chapel was built for them near the granite works, four miles distant. It was destined to serve the purpose for which is was built for more than twenty-five years. Father Phelan remained six years at St. Gabriel's, highly respected by all, irrespective of class or creed.

June 11, 1888, Rev. P. J. Garrity was appointed pastor of St. Gabriel's and the missions where he was destined to pass twenty of the best years of his life. When Father Garrity surveyed the field he was to till for so long a period he found an abundance of opportunity for zealous effort. Apart from Winterport and Frankfort his people were yet worshipping in public halls and private houses, so one of the first efforts of Father Garrity was to encourage them to build church homes of their own. It was most fortunate at this time that the qualities of the model priest and successful man of affairs were happily blended in the new pastor. For more than fifty years the faithful at Bucksport had been without a house used exclusively for divine worship, and now with a resourceful and enthusiastic young leader the task of building one seemed not too hard. July, 1890, saw the building operations underway and by Christmas eve the work was sufficiently advanced for the advent of Santa Claus. The glad voices of little children were the first to be raised in praise in the new house of God, and the following day, December 25th, the voices of their elders mingled with theirs in the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" of the first Holy Mass. The new Temple of Jerusalem, to the famished hearts of the Israelites, returning from Babylonian idolatry was not more beautiful than was the little church of St. Vincent de Paul to the dim eyes of the older people at Bucksport after fifty years of hopeful waiting. The new church was dedicated the following twenty-sixth of May, Rev. P. H. Reardon being the celebrant of the Mass, and Bishop Healy preaching the sermon. Bucksport's first confirmation service was held at the same time.

In the summer of 1891 a church was begun at Belfast under the supervision of Father Garrity. A generous Catholic citizen, William S. Brannigan, preferring to have a monument to his memory in the haunts of the living rather than hidden away in the city of the dead, donated from his hard-earned fortune a sufficient sum for the work. Father Garrity gratefully accepted the old man's gift and built a beautiful house of worship to stand as the crowning work of a long life, well spent in the lay apostolate at Belfast. This church was dedicated under the patronage of St. Francis of Assissi by Bishop Healy Thanksgiving Day, 1891. During Father Garrity's long pastorate at St. Gabriel's a new generation came into its own and another one departed along the quiet paths of virtue which lead beyond the grave. And finally, in the midst of plans for a new church at Frankfort, in October, 1908, Father Garrity himself received

the call to depart—but only from Winterport. Father Garrity's star was in the ascendant; still greater burdens were to be placed upon his shoulders; and after a score of years spent in humble mission work he received the call "Amice, ascende, superius,"—friend go up higher—to the Queen among the cities of Maine, which to all citizens of Winterport means—Bangor. Rev. M. F. O'Connor was then appointed to Winterport. In the state of peaceful somnolence into which Winterport had now fallen many a man of less energy than Father O'Connor would have found absolutely nothing to do. But the new pastor took up the reins of administration at once and went out to seek work until he found it. At Frankfort a new church was built in the hill-encircled village on a prominent height the following spring; and at Winterport the old church of St. Gabriel's, more sacred with the memories of Father Bapst and his successors clinging to its crumbling walls, was renovated and strengthened. The new church of the Holy Rosary was opened for public worship November 7, 1909, and Father McCarthy, the pastor of thirty years before, came back to offer to God the first sacrifice of the Holy Mass from its altar. Father Reilly preached the sermon. The following year, on November 6th, Right Reverend Bishop Walsh came to bless the church, the pastor and people, and thus enjoys the distinction of being the first Bishop to pay an official visit to the Mountain town. And as Mary, on her visitation to the hill country—"abiit in montana"—sang her immortal canticle of praise to the Lord:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my salvation," so, too, throughout the Bishop's sermon rang the exultant notes of thanksgiving and praise for the manifestation by the people of a faith as strong as the hills which nourish them, and more beautiful than the valleys in which were cradled the second and third generations of the exiles of Erin who came to the Penobscot seventy years before. "And His mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear Him."

The humble story of St. Gabriel's parish is much like the history of the wider world,—a pendulum—vibrating 'twixt smiles and tears. To the faithful and noble souls of the past, priests and people, who lived and wrought and died, be that perpetual peace for which they toiled and prayed. To those of the present:

"Honor and reverence and good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto them who living we salute."

M. W. REILLY.

Fiction and Facts About Maine

Just as our May number of the Maine Historical Magazine was going to press, there appeared in that excellent Catholic paper, The Sacred Heart Review of Boston, a discussion of an article printed in the Sunday Magazine section of the Boston Post, on "Redeeming the Coast of Maine" under date of March 29th. We would have been pleased to have given the same to our readers then, but our issue being completed, we were obliged to delay publication of this article on a most interesting subject until our June number.

The author of the article in the Boston Post, wrote from a Protestant standpoint on the work being done by the Rev. Alexander P. MacDonald to redeem the fisher folks along our coast.

The perusal of Mr. Elden's essay drew from some careful reader of the Sacred Heart Review a letter of inquiry as to the real situation which called forth the correspondence and comments given May 9th in Review under the title

"Fiction and Facts About Maine."

The Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., the zealous and scholarly Bishop of Portland, Maine, in a letter to the Sacred Heart Review, brands as "false in many respects and very misleading" an article that appeared in the Sunday Magazine of the Boston Post, March 29. The title of the article was "Redeeming the Coast of Maine," and the writer is one Alfred Elden who purported to describe actual conditions on the Maine coast.

Before giving Bishop Walsh's clear and convincing statement of facts it is necessary to note briefly the substance of Mr. Elden's assertions.

1. There are from 15,000 to 20,000 people scattered along the entire coast of Maine, isolated, spiritually neglected, ambitionless, and ignorant.

2. On the hundreds of islands between Little Machias Bay and Pemaquid Point live approximately 6,000 people who, though living within a stone's throw of all that goes to make life dear to most of us, are as effectively marooned from civilization as if they herded in the South seas.

3. In 1900 a Congregational minister, the Rev. Alexander P. MacDonald, discovered these folks, and set himself the task of redeeming them. He is now known as the "Coast Missionary," and has charge of what is undoubtedly the largest and one of

the worst parishes in the United States. He cruises the coast in a $7,000 motor-boat, given to him for this work by a wealthy New York woman. This boat has made possible the stupendous task of reclaiming these ignorantly wayward people of the Maine sea coast.

4. Granny Quinn of Eagle Island commanded the Rev. Hannah Powell, Mr. MacDonald's assistant, to preach a sermon to her. And Granny Roberts attended Communion service on the motor-boat. She had never in her long life heard of, much less seen administered, the sacraments of the Christian church.

5. Apart from the coast folk are colonies of squatters, who are beyond the pale, and a disgrace to any State. Among these wretched people was an old woman who pawed over a string of dirty beads, mumbling incoherently to herself. Largely through the efforts of Mr. MacDonald these dark spots are being gradually whitened.

6. Mr. MacDonald visits more than fifty settlements that have absolutely no other pastoral supervision.

The impression that Mr. Elden left in his reader's minds was that no one else in Maine was doing anything for the spiritual uplift of the people of the coast. The energetic and apostolic Bishop of Portland and his devoted clergy, though spending themselves in the saving of souls, are charged, by implication, with neglect; the resident Protestant ministers of various denominations are presumably standing idle. Mr. MacDonald alone is redeeming the Maine coast.

Mr. Elden's fiction so disturbed one of our subscribers that she (enclosing clippings from the Post) wrote to the Review saying:—

Pittsfield, Mass., March 31, 1914.

Editor Review:—

After reading the enclosed article, I feel impelled once more to write you for information, and incidentally to relieve somewhat my mind which the foregoing article has really left in quite a disturbed state. Is it true that there are such places on the Maine Coast? And, according to this writer is "Mr. MacDonald" the only spiritual help they have? On the "Missionary page" of this week's Review (March 28) there is a remark of Father Helliet of Oceania: "But while helping the Foreign Missions, don't forget the home ones," and I wonder if it is possible that those poor ignorant people are without a Catholic priest? I want to say a whole lot about this, but why should I? I can do nothing about it as I have neither means nor influence. I have however, five sons and it is my constant prayer that one or more may have a vocation. That is, it is my prayer, but I am fearful and diffident in making it. If you think fit I would

be glad to have through the Review your ideas on the enclosed article.

Respectfully yours,
CONSTANT READER.

We make it a point to answer as fully and authoritatively as possible all requests for information, and when this case was brought to our attention by our subscriber, not knowing what the conditions were, we appealed to His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, for the statement of facts, which we now have the honor to publish:—

BISHOP WALSH'S STATEMENT.

The Bishop's House, Portland, Me., April 21, 1914.

Editor Review:—

The article on "Redeeming the Maine Coast" in the Boston Post of March 29, 1914, looks like one of the modern religious advertisements. It is false in many respects and very misleading to a public not well acquainted with the Maine coast. The spiritual and moral conditions of the people living on the islands and also in the interior of the State of Maine admit, no doubt, of much improvement, and I am sure that the State authorities are doing much by social and educational methods to bring about that improvement. The case of Malaga Island was an extreme one and received radical treatment.

The influence of religion has become less and less during the last fifty years, and intermarriage, in defiance of all natural, divine and State law, has no doubt brought about a very sad condition in many of the small communities in the State of Maine, fully as much as in the other parts of the United States. The Catholic Church, however, here as elsewhere, has taken care of its own children, and opens its doors to all others who wish to know and follow the teachings of Our Lord.

The mere mention of the churches and missions along the coast of Maine will show how false and misleading the Post article is. Beginning with the eastern end of the State, there are churches with resident pastors at Lubec, Calais, Eastport, Machias, Bar Harbor, Ellsworth, Winterport, Belfast, Rockland, Bath, Brunswick, Yarmouth, Portland, Biddeford, Kennebunk, South Berwick, and there is not an island along the entire coast, that is not easily reached from one of these points, or from which the people may not easily reach a priest. In addition to these, during the four or five summer months there is a Chapel open and Mass said at the following places: Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Castine, Camden, Vinal Haven, Hurricane, Dark Harbor, Boothbay, Squirrel Island, Long Is-

land, Peaks Island, Diamond Island, Prouts Neck, Old Orchard, Biddeford Pool, Kennebunkport, Wells, York Harbor, York Beach, and a few other places occasionally. There is therefore no place on the coast of Maine that is not within easy reach of a priest whose duty it is to provide for the spiritual and moral wants of the people.

The undersigned has visited all these places several times and established several of these missions within the last few years. It is also true that there are several ministers of Protestant denominations along the coast, hence the picture and exaggerations of the Rev. Mr. MacDonald must not be taken too seriously.

The existence of names that are evidently Irish and should be Catholic is a fact worthy of an interesting study, and on some future occasion I will be glad to furnish your excellent Catholic paper with the story covering these interesting facts. Furthermore, I have no doubt that cruising along the Maine coast in a well equipped steam yacht makes a very enjoyable life during at least ten months of the year, and some of our Catholic priests would be able to use such a missionary help to good advantage; one of our priests on Penobscot Bay, during many years, went in a small motor-boat across the rough waters to offer the Holy Sacrifice and teach Catechism on the islands of the Maine coast, but he has never published his missionary deeds.

Lastly, let me remark, that the multitude of islands, perhaps 500 in all along the coast, does of course, create a very serious difficulty, especially during the winter months.

I thank you very much for the opportunity of stating the truth and I hope thereby counteracting the misleading assertions above mentioned.

With all best wishes and blessings for yourself and the great Sacred Heart Review, that merits the support and encouragement of all good Catholics in New England, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

Our readers and all other good citizens zealous for the spread of truth will unite with us in grateful thanks to Bishop Walsh, and will look forward eagerly to the further contribution which he graciously promises. It will be a notable addition to the literature relating to the Irish in New England, and will inform many who wonder, for instance, why such as "Granny Quinn" should be of the Protestant religion.

Possibly Granny Quinn's name led our Pittsfield correspondent to suppose that "Granny" must be a Catholic, and caused

her to wonder if these poor people are without a Catholic priest. The truth is that in New England good Irish Catholic names are borne not infrequently by Protestants, whose Catholic ancestors lost the faith under the untoward conditions that met them in the strange, new country. Or, if they kept the faith themselves, in event of their death the helpless children they left were robbed of it in the Protestant families or institutions that sheltered them.

And long prior to that period of Irish Catholic emigration was the emigration of descendants of the Scots who went from Ireland (then Scotia) to Argyle in 503. One Historian states:

From Ireland to Argyle the Scots went in 503. To Ireland from Argyle returned the Scots in 1612-20; and to America their descendants sailed away in 1719. . . .

When the Scots emigrated from Ireland, the memory of St. Patrick was fresh in their minds; the precepts he taught were what they practised.

Their descendants, however, in numerous cases, lost the faith at the Reformation. The various causes noted account largely for the presence in New England—and elsewhere—of Protestants whose names indicate an Irish Catholic origin—such as O'Brien, Sullivan, Murphy, etc. One record tells of a minister in Worcester named McCarthy who had fifteen children.

The Sacred Heart Review has referred to this matter on various occasions, drawing the facts from authoritative historical sources, and we now look forward with deep interest to the fuller account from Bishop Walsh.

In conclusion we commend to readers—who possess what our Pittsfield friend lacks "influence and means"—the Bishop's words in regard to a motor-boat or yacht as a missionary help.

The Old Mission

A black speck flecked the pale rim of a far off hill—a moving speck that grew distinct, was followed by another and so on until the line of them stretched out like a string of jet beads on white cloth. The line crept down the slope very slowly along a road faintly indicated by telephone poles. The van dipped into a valley and was lost to sight for a time and re-appeared, a long horse-sled on which lay a coffin. Close behind came a second sled with the mourners seated upon chairs and then many pungs filled with close-wrapped occupants. The church bell began to toll.

The cortège, arrived at the church, quickly dissolved into women wading through the drifts to the door, left drivers who hitched their blanketed horses in the lee of buildings, silent groups waiting. The bell beat a monotonous dirge with its iron baton. The organ sounded and the Mass of Requiem began.

Strong young men carried the coffin down the steps and out among the swathed grave stones to a spot where the piled-up earth showed incongruous. The mourners came back with dragging feet, leaving two figures grotesquely outlined against the gray sky, wielding shovels. In a little while all had gone. The earth pile had disappeared; there was only a small snow-mound near a monument. Winter had woven the winding sheet and the world was all white once more.

The funeral was like one of those thumb-nail sketches at the lower corner of engravings, a detail, an epitome of the Old Mission's history—that sad, moving-picture staged on the bleak hills against the background of Katahdin. The young man whose body was laid away was a direct descendent of the settlement's pioneers, the men who had broken the forest's grasp and made the land their own. Many years before they had come over the crest of that hill, had trudged down that slope, had arrived at last in that cemetery. The people in the procession had been born in the snug farm houses bordering the road, their ancestors had cleared these fields. It was a death in the family.

One might be whirled along that Appian Way of the North through the village and never dream that it is in its way as interesting as any of the old Roman roads of Europe or the celebrated stage highways of England, but he who has enjoyed the privilege of dwelling there a while finds it absorbing. Its first inhabitants were no chance comers drawn thither by hope of commercial advantage. They came in accordance with a plan, with a hope of high enterprise that ramified through several

States and stretched even across the sea; bent on the same purpose as the pilgrims of Saint Sauveur and Quebec—to establish a Catholic colony. The enterprise, simple as it may seem to modern eyes, was one of cosmic grasp, connoted in its leading spirits a kinship with primeval things, an iron fortitude. The little ships of Columbus loom in history far above the Vaterland.

The Founder was a dreamer, but as has been said of a great man of our day, a dreamer who made his dreams come true. We have read the story of Brook Farm, of the Polish commonwealth in California—these and many more, all failures. This experiment succeeded; it is a flourishing reality today. It is easy for us to do our small part after others have suffered, striven and won our birthright. But back in the spacious thirties the Catholic problem in this part of the country was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. The members of the Fold in New England were but a handful, poor and depised. The Founder had countless cares, few co-laborers and a vast territory to administer, but he rose above all difficulties; the signet of his power is on all he did. This is only a leaf torn from that inspiring biography, but as the leaf shows the saint and seer as surely as some small episode in the career of the great Corsican spells Napoleon.

The prophet's eye saw in the pine-clad Northland a Catholic colony; the ground cleared, the hills blossoming into farms, the woodland trail a road lined with comfortable homes, a rising generation holding and developing the soil where he was to plant the Cross. He saw the church midway in the village and near it the school which he hoped would leaven humanity in all that country.

The Founder, having purchased his half township and thought out his plan, went into the market-place seeking laborers for the vineyard—into many market-places. He picked them out one by one; here a son of Erin, there an Alsatian, next a native of Hanover. He was not intent on nationalities, but on faith and manhood. He chose well.

The first group of six families, a nucleus from several nations, set forth from the metropolis on their long journey, first by sailing ship, then by team, last on foot. Much of the distance they made their road, axe in hand. They reached the crest of the hill, went down the long slope and up again until they halted where the church now stands. Three log cabins in the wild! The axe rang. Other cabins rose. The priest with his faithful Indians came and surveyed the tract, cutting it into large plots. The colony grew apace. Individuals and families selected by the Founder settled and built as they arrived.

A church was started, and the school, and a cemetery. That lonely little cemetery, abandoned now in the field, all but for-

gotten! The site of the church was changed. Saplings sprouted in time among the mounds and became trees. The dead were removed—all but a few. Later the trees were cut down and grass waved over the settling graves, but doubtless they who were left, rest as well as their brethren a few rods to the South.

The new church faced the North with the new God's acre around it—venerable enough now. On its wind-swept platform elder and younger gathered on Sunday for the weekly talk. The opened door let the North wind into every nook of the interior. The years have not tempered that wind. The good priest—doubtless many in succession—frowned on the platform conventions but in vain. Local customs are adamant.

The school, or college as it was called, never succeeded as a school. With exalted dreamers and workers as with lowly, the reality ever falls short of the vision. "The unfinished window in Aladdin's palace unfinished must remain." The great soul of the Founder was not at fault. He needed a hundred years and the millions that have come since then, the faith and generosity that have sowed New England thick with churches, schools and institutions. His plan was to reach fruition, but not in his time. He was as Moses leading his people, beholding the Promised Land but not entering.

In the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome sits Michelangelo's Moses in majesty, a masterpiece of the mightiest genius that ever wrought in marble. That statue was designed for the base of the tomb of Pope Julius Second. It is a far cry from the Tiber to the Penobscot, from St. Peter's to St. Benedict's, but great souls are always akin though oceans roll between. Place counts little. Jacob lay asleep in the desert and saw the stairway leading up to God. Gray mused in still Stoke Pogis and his poem enables mankind to see the pathos and power in every country churchyard. An old lady sitting in her spotless kitchen, an old lady with rheumatic-crippled fingers and eyes whose brightness years and sorrow had not dimmed, interpreted the message of the Old Mission, gave a glimpse into the Founder's idea.

It was a wintry afternoon. The snowcaps lent little inspiration. It was not needed. Looking into those aged eyes, one could see the portals of time fold back, the Nautilus chambered reminiscences; bereavement, toil, love, vanished girlhood and nodding wildflowers. The quavering voice told of frowning woods, the long, black furrows, the rude wagons, oxen drawn, men with work-bowed shoulders—all the setting of sixty years ago.

There rose the college on wide, firm foundations, the great door, the tall windows, the spacious hall where she went to Mass while the church was building, but especially those beautiful

windows, high and wide, with the sunlight streaming in and the boundless blue beyond. She sat there and looked at it all, her wrinkled hands clasped in ecstacy.

Now the old lady knew better than others the size of the college cellar in the field, that its ell now serves as part of the rectory, but she saw more than material things; she had an insight into the plan of the Founder. She recalled Michelangelo's Moses and the poet musing among the mossy gravestones. Had the Founder been there he would have recognized a kindred spirit and patted the shaking old hands with a low voiced blessing. Someone did.

So after all the college was not a failure. It was like the stories that end well—not as you expect sometimes, but well. The memory of that heroic effort has warmed the faith and strengthened the hearts of every child of the Mission; it has enlivened and ennobled the many devoted priests who have labored there through the long winters and hard duties; its atmosphere pervades the countryside to such a degree that whenever you encounter a man from St. Benedict's and ask him where he lives, his whole bearing says, as St. Paul did of his birthplace: "A citizen of no mean city." Travel through the entire six miles of the township and you will find no one who is not of the household of Faith. This is no attempt to paint an idealistic picture, a Catholic Utopia. The people of the Old Mission doubtless have their faults and failings like the rest of us, but it is surely something out of the ordinary that a colony planted during the early part of the last century in a remote district has preserved its individuality so thoroughly, but especially its Faith.

One of the oft recurring disappointments of a student into local history is the baffling manner in which interesting spots and curious points of fact elude him or differing explanations of them bewilder. The people of the Mission work too hard to spend much time in chronicles. The result is a warp and woof of legend difficult to weave into reliable narrative. For instance, there is the matter of the Roads. All agreed that there are today two roads running together farther South something like a tuning fork. Soldiers made one, but what about the other? Then there is the matter of the various churches and the location of the college. There were many versions, all unsatisfactory. The oldest house? There are many oldest houses, all except one plainly imposters, in all this tangle there was finally what reporters call: a lead. Several replied to questions: "Talk with the Old Gentleman."

The Old Gentleman does not reside at the Mission. Fittingly enough the pilgrimage to his house was fraught with difficulty. First you took the Stage, and after two hours of slow progress

through the snowdrifts, reached the railroad. A train was rumored to arrive about half past seven in the evening. On account of an imperative engagement with a freight train, it did not appear until eleven thirty. The town was not reached until one o'clock the next morning, and no other train to the Old Gentleman's habitat until afternoon. The visit was worth it.

There is much in the philosophy of eyes. Chesterton tells of a visit to George Meredith in his old age. He says that Meredith was the only old man he ever met who was not a statue above his own tomb. He remarks this mainly because of the extraordinary fire and life of Meredith's eyes as he talked. The Old Gentleman's eyes have something of this effect on the visitor; they are young, full of snap and fire, the index of an unimpaired mentality.

He was one of the original settlers, a small boy at the time, with the restless curiosity and memory of the small boy. He told of the ship in which they started for the Queen City, the arrival in the harbor, the horse-boat that put off to take the passengers ashore, its melancholy plight and the planks that finally landed the pilgrims on dry land.

Then came the hiring of teams and the journey North until they reached the North of the Road. Here the city teams were sent back and the travelers went forward in woods teams. Finally these failed and the path had to be cut with axes. There were women and children in that party.

The ground they were to occupy held two or three log cabins built by squatters "from the Kennebeck." The Old Gentleman went on with his clear-cut, vigorous narrative. Not a point was missing. He supplied all deficiencies, explained all difficulties, visualized the scenes. Why not give his narrative without frills? Well, you know what Kipling said: "That is another story."

Address on Decline of Worship and Its Restoration

By Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland,

At the University of Maine, Orono,

Thursday, May 14, 1914.

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, May 14.—The Roman Catholic bishop of Portland, the Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Ph. D., addressed the student body in the chapel this morning and spoke for about three-quarters of an hour.

His address was pregnant with noble sentiments and filled with matter for profound reflection. It caused a deep impression on the student body. The Bishop is a fluent talker, and courageously and gentlemanly expounded facts which afforded his audience abundant matter for reflection.

In the audience were several priests, among them the Rt. Rev. Fr. McDonough, vicar general of the diocese. President Aley in a few words introduced the Bishop who spoke as follows:

The scene of to-day has a historic interest. For the first time a Catholic Bishop is speaking in the hall of this State University, hence the great educational centre of the people, for the people and supported by the people of this great State of Maine.

I find myself in face of a remarkable gathering of students, 1000 in number, young, strong, handsome as a body and no doubt also individually, ambitious, faces aglow with hope, hands stretched out towards happiness, that is only on the mountain top, and all to go out soon into a world of struggle, to attain success or some other crown.

What message do I bring to you, young students, young ladies and gentlemen? What ideal, to be a permanent asset from youth to old age, whatever else may be your fortune or misfortune?

What vision may I place before your bright, eager minds, that the world should never obscure, but rather brighten? What is lacking, hence is the great need of our modern restless epoch? What alone will stem the surely rising tide of gross materialism and commercialism? What will meet the demand of the modern world's heart? What will save humanity?

My message, ideal, vision, human wave of power and beauty are all summed up in one strong, clear English word, Worship,

and strikingly set forth in the following lines of Holy Writ: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour, because He hath done great things in me and holy is His name." St. Luke. Such is the hymn of praise, love and worship from the heart of earth's noblest woman, virgin and mother, such should be the song of every human being, man, woman or child at the evening hour of every day.

Fact. Personal, family, social worship is evaporating from the mind and heart of the world, it must come back or we are facing Hell on earth.

Worship, adoration is simply the highest, deepest form, act, outpouring of love and the first and greatest commandment remains to-day what it was from the beginning and must ever be: "Thou (you, I, every one) shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength."

Worship, adoration means the world of men and women on bended knee and with bowed head, in the presence of God, their Creator, the exaltation of God, the humble creature at His feet.

Now, in this great State, one-half, perhaps even a greater percent of the people never bend the knee nor bow the head even metaphorically speaking, in any act of worship from the beginning to the end of the year, and this is proof enough that the sense of worship is going, has gone. It has been my duty to visit every part of the State from Kittery point to the Black River of the far northwest, from Van Buren and Eastport to Gilead and So. Berwick, and the closed doors of non-Catholic Churches, the empty benches, and the all too full club or social rooms, all silently proclaim the same sad tale. There was a time, when an Angel winging his flight across the State of Maine on Sunday, would have found every family reverently turning over the pages of the Bible for spiritual food, or assembled in some place of worship.

What are the chief causes of this very surprising change and condition?

I am not now speaking of individual cases, though, after an experience of thirty odd years in New England, in close touch with the hearts and consciences of men and women, I believe, as the great Cardinal Newman once said, every great fall, whether of an individual or of a society, is a moral fall. Here, however, I am thinking only of the visible, public causes.

The first is that a false idea of religion and of the Christian religion has made and is making great headway. Let me recall another word of Holy writ to suggest and clarify my thought. In the description of the second coming we read: "If any man shall say to you, lo, here is Christ or there, do not believe, for there shall arise false Christs and false prophets and shall show great signs and wonders, so as to deceive, if possible, even the

elect." Thus it has been and is now. One will say religion and Christianity is a doctrine; another asserts it to be a law; again it is proclaimed an idealism, a kind of poetic fancy, beautiful but impossible. One will say: Christ is a man, or perhaps superman, but only an ideal teacher of supreme wisdom and sublime moral.

Partial or false are all such views. Religion and the Christian religion is primarily and essentially a worship, founded upon a doctrine, controlled, guided by a law. It is a doctrine, it has a law, but first and far more it is a worship, creating a doctrine and a law. "Thou shalt adore the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." "Begone Satan" said the Master on the mountain top, but the world seems willing to give a high throne to Satan.

The next cause, in my judgment, is a false, elementary system of education, namely a non-religious or so-called secular system, sometimes and to my mind, falsely called non-sectarian system, the only one now subsidized by the State or City, and simply impoverishing, if not sapping the sense of worship, born with and in every human child.

Now I am an admirer of the wonderful blessings bestowed upon the people by the State provision for education and compelling its reception, but when I stand in spirit, (as often indeed I have in reality stood) before the statue of John Harvard on the Cambridge lawn, and read that this good man founded the first College in New England to teach "truth in or for Christ and the Church," and then when I read the same spirit as the inspiration at birth, of nearly every New England College, and know that the common schools were founded to teach children the principles of religion first, then the capital laws of the country, and lastly science or secular learning, why to me the evolution or really devolution of the school system to its present non-religious and secular preeminence, eliminating religion, over-exalting science ought to have been historically and metaphysically impossible, yet in reality, it is only too true. Now I contend that, if for five days in a week, and five hours a day, during ten months in the year, the plastic minds and expansive hearts of children are not fashioned to see, know, love, serve and adore Almighty God and the Son, their Lord and Saviour, then it is idle and useless to expect the sense of worship to be a living factor in their future lives, it is impossible to have a future generation of men and women to worship God.

Another cause, and a sense of honor and duty makes me say it right here, to you young ladies and gentlemen in this University where it is in vogue, is co-educaiton. I am aware that it has or seems to have some advantages, but history and experience, all the known and unchanging laws of physiology of psychology, governing the mutual relations of the sexes are con-

trary to it, and it will certainly weaken, disturb or destroy the more reverential and refined qualities of the young woman, and thus injure the feelings of love and worship that make woman so noble and queenly in a home or in a society.

Another cause, always in evidence, but I am sorry to say now more bold upon the public stage is the renaissance or revivifying of old pagan pleasures in sensualism and animalism. I have just returned from southern Italy and when wandering over the classic pavements of old Pompeii, amid its wonderful ruins one sees on the walls of private palaces and civic temples, in colors and design never to be surpassed the two solitary figures—Bacchus and Venus, to tell in mute symbol the idols of the people that dwelt therein, and drew a curse from God. An invasion or rebirth of the same idolatry is sweeping over the country, but with a publicity and facility of reaching the masses, never before imagined. The exaltation of man and humanity in such figures and idols and pleasures is sure to cause the degradation of God and of the Divine Saviour.

Such being the condition and its causes, it is more important still to know whether it is possible to counteract such a lamentable current, and what are the chief or best means to throw back such a wave, even if it be a tidal wave.

There are always pessimists in face of such peril, who throw up or down their hands and say, let the deluge come. That is neither manly nor Christian, it is the coward's part.

On the other hand palliatives in the form of "Go to Church Sunday," "Mother's Sunday," "Billy Sunday revivals as antedote to College suicides," "Municipal Divine Organ service," with a minister as interlude are pitiable expedients to show how acute is the disease.

No, there must be a straight about face and honest recognition of the rights of God as supremely more important than the rights of man and of humanity.

Patriotism, freedom, the flag are excellent in their place and as far as they go. If, however, Christianity be truly, and I proclaim it aloud, the only true religion, so incomparably above all others, that these fade away into insignificance, then loyalty to God, the service of Christ Jesus, and the Royal Tree of the Cross are more important even than the flag, freedom and patriotism, because upon the first three and by them only can the other three endure among the masses of the people, who are now the kings and to be the rulers.

First, then, there must be a place for worship "in spirit and truth." The form, size, atmosphere, furnishings are all important, for we are creatures of and created by our environment. A bare hall or one used for all other purposes will never inspire worship in the masses nor the classes. The hermit on the barren mountain peak, the recluse in the cavern, the monk in the

stone cell or chapel may worship in all the fullest and sublimest sense of that word, but only when and because each has so conquered, overcome the senses and the imagination that the cold of the cell, the bleakness of the cliff and the loneliness of the cell or cavern do not exist for him, when the sense of God's presence fills his mind, heart and very soul.

I have recently visited "La Cara" not far from Pompeii, where on a steep hill is seen the very rock under whose shelter the sorrowing and sad monk found peace and prayer and would not have cared to build the monument over the cave, that has drawn souls for over a thousand years. On an opposite hill is a lonely hermit in a temple all his own. There is not the least danger that any great number will go to abide in either place—yet not far away, crowning a beautiful hill or mount of the Appenneis rises the fairest of all the great monasteries of Europe, and here both nature, art, and the social atmosphere make all who pass within the gates, wish to linger, whether it be scholar, statesman, general or King, layman or priest, for the sense of worship grips the soul of each.

The place of worship should be a real Temple, all aglow with the symbols of true worship. The Catholic lifts his hat when he passes his Temple of prayer and worship, when inside he bows the head, he bends the knee, and his kneeling is the symbol and sign of adoration in his heart, and every symbol or act helps to give the sense of God's presence.

The Protestant reformation leaders and people made a big mistake, when they tore down the crucifixes, beheaded statutes of saints, and defiled the glass, the bronze and gold of the sanctuaries, simply because they imagined or declared them sources of superstition, for all these works of art represent the adoring hearts of the donors during nearly 1000 years, and they inspired adoring hearts in the great mass of the faithful.

The restoration of the religious elementary public school at least for the parents, who wish and demand such schools, would be a most fruitful source of true religious worship, and, in my judgment, is the only equitable, fair way of carrying out the true spirit of religious liberty of conscience and equality before the law.

Another good means is the reverential reading of the Bible and right literature. The Catholic Church placed the open Bible on stands of gold and other precious metals to show its true relationship to all official worship and many of the monks, religious persons and priests always read the Bible on their knees No intelligent person can read the psalms or the prophets or the magnificent sermon on the Mount or the Crucifixion on Calvary, without feeling the pulse of worship quicken and grow strong.

In a lesser degree it is so with the noble literature in all modern languages, Shakespeare, Dante, Wordsworth, Longfellow,

but not so with Rousseau, Zola, Shaw or d'Annunzio, for the poison running from their pens will infect the mind of the greatest genius.

Best of all, give Sunday to God. Six days to the world is given, is one too much for the soul's repose and worship of the Creator?

Many people wonder why the Catholic Churches are filled on Sunday, while other denominational centres are not so magnetic.

Well, there are many reasons, but one above all and of itself sufficient, namely because the Catholic Church looks upon Sunday worship as an unchangeable Divine law, obliging all people, and simply regulated, controlled and arranged in its details by the Church authority. Divine law and conscience are sufficient, and Church law is simply to guide both.

No matter who the local preacher may be, most eloquent or otherwise, no matter what the weather may be, the sun shining or the snow flying, no matter whether the place be a cave or a Cathedral of unsurpassed magnificance, the voice of God calls saint and sinner to come, bow the head, bend the knee and adore.

The Mass or Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the great, central fixed, supreme Act of Worship and Adoration, determined in all its essential outlines, when, on the night before Calvary's tragedy, Our Lord blessed and broke the bread, saying "This is my body" and blessed and drank the consecrated wine, saying, "This is my blood," and then giving both to His disciples, said: "Do this in commemoration of me." Such is the concept of that sublime act, that in a Catholic Church, always makes hearts humble and brings humanity to its knees—all the rest, cross and crucifix, statutes and lights, flowers and pictures, stained glass, bronze, marble or gold, the tinkling bell and fragrant thurible are all innumerable symbols of prayer and only aids to lead mind and heart up to the one high supreme, sublime act of worship we call the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Some one may say: why he is inviting us to go to St. Mary's Church in Orono!—yes and no. Yes in the sense that the arms of the Church are so wide open that she has room for all to share in her privileges, and why not? There is not one here present, who, if he seeks out the line and genealogical tree of his name and family a few hundred years, will not find his ancestors around the Altar and on their knees just the same as now may be seen on any Sunday at St. Mary's of Orono, and the Church has not changed one iota of her doctrine or worship—but a terrible mistake was made by others, perhaps indeed to some extent on both sides, for which you and I, the Church and the non-Catholic Churches are now apart far more than they ought to be.

Lastly let me add one word on the worship of God through nature.

At no time in the world's history was admiration of nature more easily developed—the voice of the ocean's waves, breaking gently on the sand or rushing against the resisting cliffs, the whispering winds among the swaying pines, the fleecy, quiet clouds or the black moving mountains of thundering tones, the star-lighted dome with the swiftly moving and changing moon or the perfect clear blue with the Majestic Sun—all these are indeed analyzed by high criticism, like the Bible, but they all proclaim the glory of the living and loving God, as the psalm so beautifully sings, hence the truly reverential human mind and loving heart views and reads the finger of God marking out all their lines and colors and tones.

More still, you are the temple of God—the human body viewed with reverence and admiration, not with animal curiosity or passion, fills the looker-on with wondrous power and love of God, who has made man and woman so great, so noble, so beautiful, and has given to them the almost creative power like His own. In such a view Bacchus and Venus and Mars can never defile nor destroy, while it is only too true and too sad that they often have too great a sway.

In conclusion, therefore, thanking the good President, Dr. Aley, for his kind invitation, grateful to all the young ladies and gentlemen, who have listened so patiently, and hoping that I may have given some few thoughts on what is wrong in this beautiful world of ours and how that wrong may be counteracted, I also trust and pray that the 1000 or more here present, soon to be the builders of mansions and fortunes and characters for themselves or others, may all build themselves up to be true worshippers of God and of Christ Our Lord in time and in Eternity.

NOTE: Some few paragraphs of this address were omitted in order not to go beyond the time limit, and some few incidental points may have been added here and there.

K. of C. Activities

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the substantial activity shown by the Knights of Columbus in the upbuilding of the Church in America.

Their National Endowment Fund of $500,000 recently handed over to the authorities of the Catholic University at Washington is an offering in which the Society may well take laudable pride. While our Catholic Institutions are not so fortunate as are many of our non-Catholic colleges and seminaries in receiving large and frequent donations, the mite-offerings of their faithful children, collected in substantial sums such as that just presented to the Catholic University serves to bring both the institution favored and the order in closer union lending an interest in the work, not in evidence in the case of the individual giver. We would not thereby imply that the Church does not love the one who makes large bequests for the furtherance of her interests, for she certainly holds his memory in reverence and veneration, but it would nevertheless seem that gifts coming from societies of Catholic men in which the work and its motive is clearly brought before them, a wider significance is thereby given and the interest in the work rendered more general.

The Catholic Knights are therefore to be congratulated for thus identifying themselves with the temporal well being of our first educational institution.

One of the great questions before the world today is that of Socialism which seeks to remedy many evils or abuses whether real or imaginary, in a way that would eventually change the entire civic, social, and moral order based as it is on Divine revelations, substituting for it, an order of existence which banishes the Supernatural from the life of man, giving him in its place a law founded on pure nature, and the whims of the human will.

It means neither more nor less than the laying aside of the Creator, His laws and graces, and the throwing of man upon his own resources.

Our Catholic people live in the midst of these false theories which of course always come to them or are placed before them under the guise of bettering their condition. With his large family, and the increased cost of living, together with the hope of bettering their condition, the laboring man not unfrequently allows himself to be carried away by the dazzling promises held

out to him by the socialists, and by degrees allows their doctrines to invade his household, and their papers to be weekly if not daily visitors. He soon finds that they have no use for religion of any kind, and that his time honored faith is in a quiet way, if not openly, being discredited and ridiculed. He will find that religion, and particularly the Catholic Church is being held responsible for existing evils. If he happens to be an intelligent upright, practical Catholic, he soon discovers that he has been deceived, and at once excludes the poison from his home, but if he chances to be a lax and negligent Christian, whose knowledge is of no great depth, and who perhaps is too glad to see his Church, Her authorities and priest derided or calumniated he may even lend a hand at pulling down the rock of ages.

To aid the Church in meeting this menace, the Knights of Columbus have in many parts of our country, been employing or subsidizing educational lectures from a Catholic standpoint on this important question.

There are at present two noted lecturers working under the auspices of the order, Bros. Goldstein and Collins. With telling effect, Mr. Goldstein is giving a series of lectures through our far western states, extending the field of his activities even into Canada, while Mr. Collins has been treating the same subject before large and appreciative audiences in some of our eastern states.

Being eloquent speakers, with a thorough mastery of their subject, the Knights of Columbus are thus instrumental in a work of untold value, in striving to aid in stemming the ravages of Socialism.

The Morning Star, New Orleans, under date of May 23 of this present year, contains the following timely editorial on another field of usefulness now being covered by our Catholic Knights:

"Knights of Columbus Missionary Movement."

In inaugurating during the year a missionary movement for the purpose of giving missions to non-Catholics in poor localities where Catholics are few and unable to defray the expenses of such missions the Kentucky Knights have started a movement which, it is hoped will soon become nation-wide. Their missions started in the mountains of Kentucky, in the Covington Diocese, and the remote rural districts, in the Louisville Diocese, were objective points in these missions.

The work has been systematically carried on by the Paulist fathers for an eight months' missionary season, and was inaugurated in two Kentucky Dioceses simultaneously in the Mountains of eastern Kentucky and in the Covington Diocese.

The results of the movement have been far reaching. Sheep strayed from the fold, lost to mother church, have been called

back to a new spiritual life, and "other sheep not of this fold" have "seen the light," which has led kindly on into the true fold. Entangled marriage alliances have been straightened out in accordance with the rules of mother church, and thus whole families long estranged have been brought back to her.

Ignorance, the source of all prejudice, has been dispelled, and the scales have fallen from the eyes of many, and the Church and things Catholic are presented to them from an unwonted standpoint. To them the Church is no longer the repulsive creature that in their childhood they had been led to believe she was. A respectful hearing has been given a calm dignified statement of the doctrines of mother Church.

Thousand of books stating the correct position of the much misunderstood church on questions of doctrine and morals have been distributed, received with appreciation, and still better, are being earnestly read and considered. Knowledge before by them undreamed of has been infused, a thirst for further knowledge has been created, classes for further study have been formed, conversions have been made, and other conversions are in prospect. The nucleus of new parish are formed and new church edifices are begun or are in contemplation.

In this day of the Lay Apostolate no more effective movement could be carried out to win America for Christ. It is in line with the men's Forward Movement and the Laymen's Missionary Movement among our earnest, well-meaning separated brethren.

So successful have been these missions of the Kentucky councils that the State Deputy will recommend that the movement be carried on as a national work by the entire order. Money flowed into the Kentucky treasury for this purpose. It will do the same in other states, and if winning souls for Christ is well worth while, then indeed the recommendation of Kentucky's State Deputy should not go unrecognized.

Here in Louisiana, in the country regions where priests are few and overworked and missionary, and missionary chapels are visited only at long intervals by the long-suffering, exhausted pastor, there is a wide field for such missionary effort. In other states of the South there are just as fertile fields for the work, and it is to be hoped and prayed for that no long period will elapse before the missionary movement will become a living vital work throughout the entire United States. In no other way can the Knights of Columbus so thoroughly prove their strength and the splendor of their order than by aiding this to the already splendid line of achievements that their history records."

At the State Convention of the Knights of Columbus recently held at Ellsworth, Maine, a resolution was presented, committing the Society as a body to the work of aiding in the educa-

tion of the Diocesan clergy. The proposition was very favorably received, and a committee of five members under the guidance of the State Chaplain, the Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, V. G., was appointed to consider carefully the question and report to the next State Convention on the ways and means of furthering the laudable ambitions of worthy young men to enter the priesthood.

With a few of the general and state records of the order before us as briefly outlined above, we see no reason to doubt the outcome of the measure now before the order in Maine, hence like their brothers in Kentucky and other states, they will ere long emulate their Christian activities in the old missionary fields of the Pine Tree State.

AN EVENING HYMN.

1.

The sunset wanes; now gather again from task and play,
The daylong-busy children around the mother's knee;
And we again, Blest Mother, draw round thy shrine to pray,
In words that first were cadenced by angel voice for thee—
Ave Maria!

2.

Now twilight pale is fading, and softly o'er the sea
The stars, in clustering glory, steal forth with trembling blaze,
So o'er the soul in silence rise gentle thoughts of thee,
Whose Virgin-Mother graces outcount the starry rays—
Gratia plena!

3.

Now night's weird shades and phantoms troop forth in shapes of fright;
Abroad sin, death, and peril brook through the darkling air;
Oh! ask they Son to guard us; thy prayer he will not slight,
From crib to cross the sharer of all thy mother care—
Dominus tecum!

4

Our life is but a shadow, a night of troubled dreams—
Its visioned woes all fleeing like cloud-rocks swift away;
Pray, Mother, for thy children till break the morning beams,
Till dawn the dazzling splendors of our eternal day—
Ora pro nobis!

"Lumina."

Choosing a College

Many of our high school graduates look forward to a career in some higher institution for professional equipment that they may with more fitness take up the duties of life.

This is very consoling and speaks well for the future of Catholic education in this country, provided our high school graduates, boys and girls perfect their studies in Catholic Colleges; and the more these are patronized by Catholic parents the more efficiently will they be able to do their work.

But alas, ignorance and pride often prevail over loyalty to Faith and good common sense. Many of the parents have had no education, or at most a very imperfect one, themselves. Consequently, not seeing the danger to faith and morals, they pass the Catholic College by and send their sons and daughters to Protestant institutions, or at least to so-called non-sectarian. A course, or a few sessions, at Harvard or Yale is, in their estimation the highest ideal of an American education. This idea is more frequently developed with regard to the sons than to the daughters. They have the ambition to have their sons educated in the same schools as the sons of Doctor So-and-So and Lawyer and Senator N. N. That gives them social standing they think. Of course, money is not to be considered, and they are willing that their sons should spend from a thousand to two thousand a year at Harvard, while they might secure a better education at from three hundred to five hundred dollars in a Catholic college.

We shall say nothing of the young women (their number is small) who attend Protestant women's colleges. They cannot but suffer in many ways.

First, they suffer by defect. If religion is ignored altogether they are deprived of those elements in education and true culture which are most important and without which no education can be complete.

But to say nothing of religion, the most important element in secular education is philosophy and history. Now, the fact is that there is hardly any serious attempt made to teach philosophy outside our Catholic colleges, and if there is, what is taught is not philosophy (which ought to be truth), but wild speculations and theories, based on atheism or agnosticism, and leading to materialism. Experience shows also that history has never been understood nor taught, and cannot be taught, by Protestants, as a class.

A few individuals have risen above the prejudices of Protestanism; but these individuals are few, indeed, and far between. Thus Catholic students in Protestant institutions, in the best case, are deprived of the best elements of education, whether religious or secular.

Moreover, if we consider the study of art and literature, what can it be without religion? Divest the poetry of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, or even that of Homer, and Virgil, of the religious element, what remains? Dry bones and nothing more. The very essence is lost. The same is true of painting, sculpture and architecture, all of which are religious in their origin and development. For the Agnostic there can be no true art. Art has no meaning for him. Art has no soul, no substance to him, because, according to his principles, he cannot rise to the contemplation of what is unseen in it. Every piece of art must be to him an empty sound, a mere form, or a meaningless structure. And if this is not always the case with infidels, it is because their instincts are better than their principles. How much, then, is lost to the student of art and literature from the neglect of religion in his special department? What a gaping void exists in his education!

But this is only the negative view of the matter. Shall we suppose that the university professor will confine himself within the strict lines of secular instruction? Shall we imagine that he will never touch on religious topics? Will he ignore in history and literature the most powerful motives that have ever actuated the conduct of man? Can he abstract from religion in philosophy? If so, he must be a poor specimen of a teacher. The historian who does not enter into the causes of facts is no historian; the literary critic who does not search into the motives of character and actions in literature is no critic; the philosopher who does not inquire into the last causes of things is no philosopher.

The fact will be then, that the college or university professor cannot help discussing religious topics, whether he will or no, and that he will, consciously or unconsciously, impress his own peculiar errors and prejudices on his pupils, and in all probability they will return from such a college or university with their minds full of errors which they can never correct, and doubts which they cannot solve.

If a student has gathered any idea of philosophy from his college course, they are sure to be wrong. He has been taught to venerate as sages those who, basing all philosophy on doubt or nescience, ignore the data of common experience and common sense. He has learned that creation is a myth, that man is the descendant of the ape. His ideas of Christ have been taken from such writers as Renan, Strauss and Schoppenhauer. He has heard that the church has been the foe of enlightment and

the fosterer of slavery. He has listened to the recital of gruesome horrors of the "Dark Ages." He has been taught that Protestantism brought enlightenment and culture and progress into the world. He has heard the history of every Catholic country misrepresented. He would be more than humanly wise, or brutally stupid, if all this made no impression on him. Add to this the entirely Protestant environment, pride and human respect, from which very few are altogether free, and the many other frailties to which university students are not strangers, and then say. Is it probable that Catholic young men and even young women, after spending four years at a Protestant college or university, will come forth unscathed? The chances are few; the risk is great.

With this condition of things there should be no tampering and two questions present themselves to our minds: First, can Catholic parents entrust their children to be educated at our American Protestant colleges? Secondly, can Catholic orators and writers, with a good conscience continue to panegyrize those institutions as safe and proper for our Catholic young men and women? The answers are left to the wisdom of those whom it may concern. Catholic parents should be exhorted in season and out of season to send their sons and daughters to those Catholic Colleges that have been established as safeguards in higher education. It is true, they have not the same facilities as the great universities and colleges with millions to back them; but wisdom and efficiency are there. Besides they give a sound course of philosophy, which in a secular or Protestant university is simply an impossibility. This should be brought home to parents who do not know how to choose for their children. Education, high as well as low, is a part of our Gospel, and we dare not fail to preach it. Catholics must be made to understand this, else Catholic education of the higher kind in America is a lost cause, financially and otherwise.

If our Catholic people whould only understand and realize the importance of advanced Catholic education noble institutions would proudly lift their towers among us, the hope of our nation and our holy mother church.

O. L. V.

A Musical Recital

St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine

Few events of the scholastic year awaken more general interest among the students than the rare musical treats of our amateurs that are a delightful interruption of the regular routine.

On the evening of May 19, the music class entertained a large audience, including several clergymen, and special friends, teachers, and parents, by a varied and interesting program of instrumental music, which was admirably executed.

Firm, clear tones and technical skill characterized the numbers, and a familiarity with the selections that made every one as well as the performers feel at ease.

Miss Kathryn Hassett in the rendition of La Campenella showed remarkable sympathy of tone production. Her playing was of uncommon ability. Many of the finer points, requiring great skill in interpretation were brought out with natural and graceful ease.

Miss Mary Perreault delighted the audience with that beautiful and expressive Liszt number, The Nightingale, and set a standard of excellence with great feeling and effect. It was indeed a classic treat. Too much praise cannot be given to the players in a program which would have been a credit to professional musicians.

When we consider that the musical training is subordinated to other studies in the curriculum, we understand how both regular music practice and especially the preparation of an elaborate program implies a great sacrifice of time which otherwise could be enjoyed in pleasant recreation.

With "Quality rather than Quantity" as the axiom, it has been a hard fight at times, but "perseverance conquers all;" and this is one of the splendid results in character training derived from our musical studies.

Clear tone, rhythm, and perfect execution are held up before us day after day, as the basic ideals to follow. How we respond is shown in our work. And the poetry and grace of swiftly-flying supple hands, amazing technic, endless variety of tone quality, the kaleidoscopic change of effects are the results of our good teachers' work in concert with our earnest efforts.

If, in our amateur interpretations, we are able to even understand the message of the Masters, we have reached a great deal, and in so doing are inspired with new courage and zeal.

Charitable and Educational

The very fine day, and balmy weather with which we were blessed on pentecost Sunday, the day chosen for the annual offering on the part of our faithful Catholic people for our Diocesan Charitable works, should have had its effect on the offerings made in our various parishes for these worthy works which always exceed the resources placed by cheerful givers at the disposal of the Rt. Rev. Bishop for distribution among our charitable institutions.

There is perhaps hardly a day, that we are not called on to practice the virtue of assisting in some way our fellow beings. The many kindly acts thus performed remain for the most part unknown to the world, but they will shine perpetually in the presence of Him who has given us the assurance that not even a glass of cold water given in this spirit shall go unrewarded.

The magnitude of some offerings however preclude the possibility of their remaining hidden from our fellow beings.

It is important that we have examples of charitable givers towards the works of charity, as it is that we have those sublime examplers in the lives of God's known saints, to give us inspiration, and encourage us in the performance of acts for the betterment of our needy fellow creatures.

One of the most notable wills made public this present year is that of the late Catherine Paris who died in Boston on the 2nd day of May. Possessed of a fortune estimated at about one million, the greater part of which Mrs. Paris has left for educational and charitable purposes. She specifies the erection of a Catholic high school at Manchester in memory of her friend, Bishop Bradly, for which work $80,000 are left. She has also placed at the disposal of Bishop Guertin a large sum to be expended on the Catholic charities in the Diocese of Manchester.

The will of the late John R. Kelley, Kansas City, Mo., which has recently been entered for probate, shows a large estate to be eventually distributed in the furtherance of charitable works, such as Orphans Homes, Little Sisters of the Poor, House of

the Good Shepherd, Hospitals, as well as many other worthy works according to the judgment of his widow, Mrs. Margaret Kelley. Some $350,000 are to be thus expended.

The reports of the workings of the St. Vincent de Paul Societies are now being published, which show the great results attained by the prudent use of small charitable offerings placed by the faithful at the disposal of these Charitable societies.

We have before us lengthy accounts of the charitable work done in New York and Philadelphia from which we quote in brief the general results attained. For Philadelphia, we learn from the Catholic Standard and Times under date of May 2, 1914, that "the society relieved 2,833 poor families, comprising 9,133 persons and made 20,820 visits. The conference obtained 268 situations for bread-winners of families. The money received amounted to $48,457.42, as compared with $42,244.71 the previous year. Of this sum the members contributed $2,863.22, a substantial increase over last year. The society paid out $26,081 for provisions, $4,195.73 for clothing, $2,203.48 for fuel, $1,313.58 for board of orphans and rent, $2,440.84 for special works, $1,960.17 for funerals and general expenses, $3,346.86 in other forms of charity, making a total expenditure of $40,677.86."

In New York the various charities of the Bronx, Manhattan, and Richmond, were brought together under an organization known as "The United Catholic Works," an organization covering both Catholic charities, and Catholic corrections. A benefit was held which netted the sum of $35,000. Bequests, annual dues, etc., brought the sum at the disposal of the association for charitable purposes up to $83,500.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. McMahon was in general charge of the charitable works in union with him, the St. Vincent de Pauls, the various parish societies work in covering the vast field which included, Day nurseries, fresh air work, tuberculous clinics, children's court, hospital visiting, incurables, settlement work, sewing classes, besides many kindred charities. To anyone having but a slight acquaintance with conditions in our great metropolis, the magnitude of the work is apparent. One feature alone, the Day Nurseries, care was given to 301,021 children. To these same children 500,000 meals were served. 7,175 days' work were given to needy women and cash to the amount of $36,650 expended in general relief.

The general work was divided up in such a manner that each society had its field so that the organization was able to care for an incredible amount of charitable work. Under the direction of the Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, very substantial work was

also done towards the furtherance of charitable corrections.

The greatest charitable work before us is without doubt that of the Propagation of the Faith.

The Society in general charge of this work reports the sum of $1,622,996.61 collected the past year.

The nation most remarkable for its charities is as usual France, by whom the magnificent offering of $590,191.87 has been made, the United States following next with $440,004.31.

Aside from the Propagation of the Faith to which our people have generously given, when we take in consideration the maintenance of our Catholic schools we easily see how broad and general is the Christian charitable spirit among our Catholic people.

Speaking a few days ago in Philadelphia at the dedication of a new Catholic parish school, Mgr. McDevitt, superintendent of Catholic schools, touching on the great benefit the State received annually from this form of Catholic charity in a financial way from the fact that in the city of Philadelphia alone the eight parish schools were educating about 65,000 children at a saving of approximately about $2,000,00 each year.

The saving to the city from an educational standpoint, is nothing compared with that afforded by the moral training given as a result of this charitable effort on the part of her Catholic citizens to say nothing of the great debt which our country in general owes the Catholic Church and her children for their sacrifices so long and so generously made in the behalf of Christian education.

Critical and Historical

There were many flights of oratory, and beautiful thoughts expressed on the occasion of the unveiling of Commodore Barry's monument at Washington last month. The occasion was a notable one. The Father of the American Navy was to be given a place among the many heroes whose statutes ornament our National Capital. In the gloomy days of our struggle for freedom, there were few who cared to meet England on an element where she had long reigned supreme, but among those few, there were as has ever been the case in the history of our country, some notable sons of Ireland, whose zeal and courage, and love for the land of their adoption, placed them in the foremost ranks of our patriots. But nothwithstanding the fact that John Barry rendered signal services in the continental marine, nearly a century and a half passed by ere merited recognition was accorded him.

The chances are he would still lie unknown and forgotten in old St. Mary's cemetery at Philadelphia, had not the late Martin I. J. Griffin devoted many hours of his useful life, going over the long slumbering records at Washington and elsewhere, bringing thereby to light the long forgotten deeds of the Irish hero. To Martin Griffin more than any other are we indebted for the erection of Barry's statute at Washington, and it was indeed more than strange that none among the able and eloquent men privileged to speak of this historic occasion, should have remembered the historian whose painstaking efforts gave Commodore Barry his rightful place in our history.

But such is often the case. The man who digs the gold does not always enjoy the fruits of his labors. Some one else perchance comes along and reaps the harvest another has sown. Like the precious ore in its native long time bed, many a historic truth, has long slumbered amid musty documents long since forgotten or passed over as of no great value. Some careful plodder like Martin Griffin, may after years, come along, to uncover the priceless lore, only to see it appropriated and used by many who never had the courage or ambition to delve in the mysteries of the past.

It is most regretable that the Italian government should have persisted in sending the impious Nathan to represent a Catholic Country at the Panama Exposition, particularly as he is not wanted in this country by any number of intelligent to say

nothing of the many millions of our Catholic people, and Catholic societies who have raised their voices in protest against the Italian Government being permitted to insult Catholic Americans by sending among them one so notoriously hostile to the Church and one who has so frequently tried in every possible way to humiliate the common Father of the Christian world even in his own city.

But the record of humiliations heaped on the Church and its venerable head by the Infidel Government that rules Catholic Italy, has been a long one, and we must consequently not be surprised at their audacity in presuming to carry their well concerted plan of continued hostility to the Church even in this our beloved country where Catholics are as a rule most devoted and loyal to the Church.

Now that the undesirable guest is here, and will in all probability be publicly received by our civil authorities, our Catholics will doubtless have many opportunities of showing him the meaning of that respect which they have for the sovereign Pontiff and the cause which he represents.

They are already on record in their universal protest. They have now to ignore his presence, and show him, should the occasion present itself that they have nothing in common with any one who is an enemy of their holy faith.

A great attempt is being made to rob the Italians of their faith at home by men like Nathan and his kind who as is always the case begin by endeavoring to discredit the Church in the eyes of her children. Their coming and going can at the most be only a passing trial for holy mother Church who will still flourish in all her splendor when the passing annoyance caused by their presence shall have long since been forgotten.

This present number closed the first year's existence of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine. When this publication was first issued last July under the auspices of Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland, one of its purposes was to record the various event of our ter-Centennial year of the Church in Maine.

With many difficulties to encounter, Bishop Walsh nevertheless managed to fittingly commemorate the passing of three hundred years of Church history thus to renew in the hearts of our people some few mementoes of the heroic men who first brought the tidings of salvation to our shores. A careful study of their lives show them to have been men of the sterner stuff, apostles in every sense of the word to whom the present generation may well look for inspiration.

Walking among the records of the past, we may not perhaps see so much of the human side of man's life, as we do of the supernatural, and we are consequently more apt to place him on a pedestal and picture him as quite different from those among

whom we move today. In the little that our space has permitted us to write about the early Christian leaders in our State, we have tried to show that while there was undoubtedly a human side to each and every one of them, their conception of their duties and the cause which they represented so completely overshadowed their natural every day life, as to leave little for our contemplation save a life of zeal and apostolic self sacrifice in this arduous vineyard of the Lord.

If we are able to judge our present work in the light of the past, however humble or insignificant our efforts may have been, should our Diocesan magazine preserve only a few of the many events worthy of note that have taken place in the Diocese of Portland the past year, it will have fulfilled the purpose of its existence in recording and handing along the chief facts of our ter-Centennial year to future generations.

The one fault we have with the past is, that it did not preserve enough; that it seemed to be satisfied with doing and then being forgotten. The few records our ancestors have left us make us wish for more. Instead of giving us general traditions of questionable value, we wish they had been careful about historic events trifling perhaps in themselves but which when taken together enables one to give them that place in history which they richly deserve. The one great fault, with many of the present generation is that they do not seem to think any of their works are worthy of record, or if they think so, do not take the trouble to place them within the reach of posterity.

With the columns of a historical magazine available for the recording of items of interest in the history of the Diocese, a complete account might be made of the progress of the Church both in the temporal and spiritual order from year to year.

It might easily be shown where new property has been acquired; where new buildings have been undertaken; the various pastoral endeavors, the success of missions, conversions to the faith, increasing frequentation of the sacraments, losses because of isolation, neglect, or mixed marriages would all give some very instructive and interesting reading for the present, and most valuable data for the future. If from every parish an annual letter such as the Jesuit Fathers used to write their superior, a covering or summing up of the year's work, in the light of the value we now place on the Jesuit Relations, one easily sees how valuable the diocesan annals would become to posterity, and how interesting it would be for the present generation.

We began this publication as might easily be seen without any experience, hence were conscious from the beginning of its many faults, and are consequently deeply grateful for the kind indulgence with which it has been received.

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